

9-8-1884

Letter from Mary A. Livermore, Melrose, Massachusetts, to Anne Whitney, Shelburne, New Hampshire, 1884 September 8

Mary A. Livermore

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Endicott's army-



Miss Anne Whitney,
Shelburne,
N. H.

eter reaches 80°?
 Volney I think
 or was it Sidney
 Smith?

Excuse this long
 letter - I had
 no intention of
 sending off more
 than a page or
 two. Much live
 to living, examining,
 and to others on
 If Miss Man-
 ning and you are not utterly
 lost to every consideration of
 self-love, you will not venture
 from your cool mountain re-
 treat during this fiery Septem-
 ber. As if disgusted at the
 coolness of the summer months,
 this first month of autumn
 is condensing into its shortening
 days, all the heats that should
 have burned through the sum-
 mer, and which would have
 enriched the sea-shore and
 mountain hotels. All last
 week the heat "burned like an

Wm. D. Sweetmore,
 Sept. 1884.

oven". Yesterday an east wind made it possible for us to go to church and "worship God" if not "in the beauty of holiness" at least, in the bravery of new fall fashions. But today, last week's heat has come back again, and we are all panting and perspiring. I shall certainly have to get a metallic tank to hold my husband - he is so rapidly liquefying. I warn you not to come to this place of torment - as Mrs. Chapman's "excellent Scriptures" have it.

The lovely Androscooggin valley as seen from your piazza and "Knoll," is lovelier, if possible in memory, than it was in reality - or to the vision.

I wonder if ^{2nd sheet} you received it. The first article was in elucidation of the bicycle and tricycle, and was illustrated by some charming pictures, partly prophetic of the good time coming, when every "feme sole" as the law books have it, will harness her tricycle, pack her trunk and strap it on behind, and go wherever her fancy may take her. An illustrated bicycle and tricycle catalogue had been sent my husband - and that I despatched you. In my eagerness to serve you, if I had found a tricycle lying

round loose, that had looked at all as attractive as the pictures, I should have confiscated it, and sent that to the mountains. Every tricycle that I have seen this side the water, has a skeleton look, and affects ^{me} as favorably as ~~a~~ ^{the} death's head and cross-bones of the old graveyard sculpture.

My niece has been on a rampage in the picture stores, hunting for photographs of celebrities for a distant friend's album. I got her to add Cardinal Manning to her list, for Miss Manning. His photograph cannot be found in Boston. The Catholic picture and book sellers tell her it is doubtful

if she can find it in the country. His portrait with a sketch by Paul Tregan appeared in a number of the Century a year ago — that, I have found in my study, and mail to Miss Manning, with this letter ^{to you}, Cardinal Manning's face cannot be put on canvas, nor be accurately portrayed by a photographer. There is a dusky light in his bronze brown eyes — a sleeping fire in his pallid face, that suddenly flame up in moments of excitement, or when roused in speech on some topic, on which he feels deeply — and then he is transfigured. You feel every moment that he has great power in reserve — and I found myself watching it.

manifestation, for it shows itself in earnest conversation, as in public speech.

Higginson has reiterated his declaration that "chastity is only a secondary virtue," and promises to "return to the subject in a few days". At the rate he goes on, the Woman's Journal will be excluded from the mails as "obscene literature," by and by. Mr. Blackwell tried to dissuade him from publishing his dreamy exegesis on "public and private virtue," but he would not be refused. He has received merited castigation for it, all round. He will probably try again — but he can't make a success of his gospel of unchastity in a woman's paper.

At last the "Salvation Army" has reached Boston. I came into

3rd sheet.

the city on the same train with this branch of the church militant. Dressed in a nondescript uniform, unkempt and dilapidated, they sang their odd jumble of songs all the way from Worcester, in a most vigorous manner. A woman who was the leader, and whom all obeyed, men as well as women, Capt. Anna, as they called her, sang the solo. And then the "Blood washed Warriors," as they style themselves, came in mightily on the chorus, with flute, fiddle, accordion and tambourine accompaniment. This was the chorus most pre-

quently repeated:

"Then come along, come along, come along with me,
And what folks say, don't mind!
But join the great Salvation Ar-mée,
And leave the Devil behind!"

I have travelled ^{in the forest} with another detachment of this queer body, and heard them sing the same song. Our car was the centre of attraction to all on the train, and there was a continual passing and repassing from one car to another. Our vocalists had not "left the devil behind" but had him along in the shape of some very coarse men and women, who bore the euphonic names of "Fiddler Josh", "Joyful Reuben", "Blood-washed Charlie", and "Singing Miriam". And all this in the name of religion.

Oh, the heat! Somebody asked Theodore Parker once when he was sea-sick, "how he felt?" For answer he said, "I have a very contemptible opinion of hell!" This weather has wrought in me the same recklessness of feeling. Who says that "moral responsibility ceases when the thermometer

I have brought away with me a memory of some of the views that delighted me the most. That at "Lead-mine Bridge" - another from the "Knoll" - and that from the piazza, I see most clearly when my eyes are shut. I have been re-reading Starr King's "White Hills," and ~~am~~ ^{am} delighted to find that he emphasises the loveliness of the views which most charmed me. He says "In no other point in the region, is one of the White Mts. so singled out, from the rest, and so firmly drawn in isolated grandeur as is Mt.

Madison, sitting on a plateau
over the Androscooggin meadows.
No intervening ridges hide his
pyramid, or break the keen lines
of his sides. The towers clear, sym-
metrical and proud, against
the vivid blue of the western
sky." What a faithful luminer
~~he~~ is Starr King was, when
writing of these mountains!

I have done my little
best to aid you in your am-
bition to travel by tricycle.
When I reached Portland, the
day I left you, I found on the
counter of the slow poke, who does
out the daily papers, and fly-
spotted confectionary, a copy
of the September Century. I
mailed it to you instantly.